

Carentin "Street Friction"

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Wintertime's such a cold and bitter time
For some, but not for others
Christmas eve
Outside the snow's coming down
Children Happy, Santa's Coming
While the homeless scurry through town
Mothers and Fathers turn away
Grandparents just hope to see one more Christmas Day
Children, Kids, they just don't know
How Street People freeze to death
When...It...Snows
Crime in the streets
A bag lady's crying
Knife in her stomach
And she's dying
She'll be dead by tonight
Prostitutes down on Wingate and Sixth
Pimps come by, give 'em a fix twice a night
You,
You say that you hate it
But you,
You don't do nothing about it
The streets are alive
They're hoping to survive the night
But, nobody lives in this life to long
Nobody thinks they belong
So honestly nobody cares
Since people are too wrapped up in themselves to
notice
Street People
Sleeping in the city's trash
Street People
Having to beg for a little cash
Street People
Never having a place to go
Street People
Freeze to death
When-It-Snows

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